

WHITE OAKS GOLDEN ERA

New Mexico as a State; The Development of Its Resources, and the Elevation of Its People.

VOL. 4.

WHITE OAKS, LINCOLN COUNTY, N. M., DECEMBER 13, 1883.

NO.

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ASSAYER
AND
Analytical Chemist.

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For gold	2.50
For silver	1.50
For lead	1.00
For copper	2.50
For zinc	2.00
For iron	1.00
For tin	1.00
For mercury	1.00
For arsenic	1.00
For antimony	1.00
For bismuth	1.00
For cobalt	1.00
For nickel	1.00
For manganese	1.00
For barium	1.00
For strontium	1.00
For calcium	1.00
For magnesium	1.00
For potassium	1.00
For sodium	1.00
For lithium	1.00
For ammonium	1.00
For nitrate	1.00
For sulfate	1.00
For phosphate	1.00
For carbonate	1.00
For chloride	1.00
For bromide	1.00
For iodide	1.00
For fluoride	1.00
For silicate	1.00
For borate	1.00
For molybdate	1.00
For tungstate	1.00
For vanadate	1.00
For selenate	1.00
For tellurate	1.00
For urate	1.00
For phosphate	1.00
For carbonate	1.00
For chloride	1.00
For bromide	1.00
For iodide	1.00
For fluoride	1.00
For silicate	1.00
For borate	1.00
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WHITE OAKS, N. M.

THE NEW MILL "DUST" UP.

DAYTON MOUNTAIN POST.

They not seem up to high. That is made the talk of the town. When the dust did roll. On the plates you could see the gold. The carter sprang. The wheel did crack. The steam did whistle. And the boiler did leak. The boiler was examined. They found it was cracked. When all on a sudden The old thing burst. They sent to the states for a patch. Before it is mended. There will be no more dust to talk of.

CAMP AND COUNTY.

Sheriff Poe is in town.

D. C. Taylor is in from the Bonito.

Walter Church was up from the Bonito Saturday.

G. W. VanSickle came up from his Sacramento ranch last week.

John Morton, of White Water, is spending a few days in our city.

The tax collector is around, and is raking in the delinquent shickels.

The men are all laid off on the Little Mac. Retrenchment, not cessation.

It is feared that the Delaware gold mill has closed down for the winter.

Charley Wath, of Milne's Pecos ranch, paid White Oaks a visit the last of the week.

Mr. Biederman, late assayer of the Delaware Mills, left on Sunday for Arizona. He is after something.

Tom Willey is back from Rose's camp, in the Jicarillas. He failed to connect on the light-footed blacktail or the wary gobbler.

W. E. Anderson, President Lincoln County Stock Association, is in Warrensburg, Mo., where he will remain till the first of next month.

A party of hunters from McPherson & Biggs' saw-mill, passed through town Sunday, en route for the Oscuras. They report little game elsewhere.

Jessie Holton and J. W. Alexander are doing the carpenter work on the new drug store. When finished, this will be the finest business house in White Oaks.

Col. Milne and wife started Monday on a rather chilly ride to Roswell, where the Colonel will be closer to his large cattle interests, and where the indispensable Ella follows him.

Work on the Solitaire progresses finely, and the boys don't feel solitary by any means. This vein may yet prove the life of the camp. We hope the contract-workers will realize handsomely.

By favor of Mr. Frank Lea, lately returned from the lower country, we are in receipt of an elegant photographic view of the ranch and premises of Capt. Lea, of Roswell, which show very nicely indeed.

The anxious friends of J. A. Alcock, the gentle cow-man of Carizozo, who had for a week mourned him as dead, are glad to know he was only lost somewhere in the lower country. He bobbed up serenely Sunday.

Some talk is afloat about making some good Indians if the present wandering bands continue to be met with. It is to be hoped nothing of the kind will happen. The Indians are good enough on the reservation, and there is not the slightest danger from them. Too many Winchester in the country. Still, Major Llewellyn would better watch his pets a little.

The fat, hearty and happy mayor of Manchester, Louis Monjeau, reports that on Sunday morning he was visited by ten full-panoplied Apache braves, who, for visiting cards, presented a pass permitting "four Indians to hunt on this reservation." They did not seem to want anything but "tabac," and got away with Louis's Durham very rapidly. This is the third party which has been seen wandering around. They appear innocent of any wrong intention. If they ever make a break on the mayor of Manchester, some one will get hurt. His cheek didn't seem very badly blanching with terror.

Our Lincoln correspondent, having hied himself to the mountains last week, we very much regret not being able in this issue of the Era to give a description of the two grand affairs at Lincoln on the nights of the 5th and 6th inst., given in honor of Col. John Chisum and "his boys," who had been running uncomfortably loose in the Lincoln section of country, for a few days at the beginning of the past week. We feel, however, that on their return from the mountain trip, our correspondent will do the subject full justice, and it will be with the most exquisite pleasure imaginable that we shall give publicity to the same.

The burro-brigade has retired. It is too cool to ride a burro now.

Five acres in one small, little game of poker, all at the same time, is pretty good.

Col. Jewett has left for a short visit to Eagle, Las Cruces and the lower country.

It is in order for the South Home-stake people to start up and give the camp a lift.

Billy Lane and Joe Lea started yesterday for the White mountains to do assessment work.

Fred Meyer left yesterday for Socorro with a load of ore from the Bonito, in the Gallinas.

James Taliaferro & Co., have 1,000 head of selected sheep for sale or will trade them for stock cattle.

The show of Wednesday started out the deer-hunters in force. At going to press we have not heard results.

A. K. Lea returned from the railroad with his family last Wednesday. They will occupy the Hocking property.

W. C. McDonald, assisted by Wes. Lewis and W. S. Redding, are making the rock fly on the Forgotten assessment.

We hear that A. P. Lacy had the misfortune to have a rib broken Tuesday night, the result of a friendly wrestling bout.

The boys say they like to work for Uncle John Wilson, because he always brings a bottle of aguardiente with him—good stuff, too.

Prof. Dye has been engaged lately in making a large number of assays for the Baby Mine company, represented here at present by Mr. Derbyshire.

You may see in the night-time now, glittering away up on the side of Baxter peak, the camp-fire of the boys who are working the Gladstone Mining Co.'s assessment.

Chas. Grogan, who has been clerk for M. Whiteman, left for Las Vegas last Friday, where he expects the same employment with the firm of Gross Blackwell & Co.

We hear prophesies that the camp will be dull this winter, and some of boys talk of leaving. Don't you do it, boys; it is no better elsewhere, and you will soon be back.

Marshall Parker, Elmer Albright and F. M. Franks left for the Oscuras, Thursday. They will do the assessment work on three claims, belonging to Mr. Parker, before they return.

J. P. C. Langston, returned from Manzano Friday, where he has been buying stock. He bought forty-two head of cows and calves, which he sold to W. H. Hudgens and Charles Bruton.

All around us we hear of robberies, shooting affrays, rows, thefts and general lawlessness. White Oaks is disgraced by no such affairs and is as quiet and orderly a town as you may find anywhere.

Judge Blanchard is roaming around the street with an eager glitter in his eye. He is seeking whom he may marry. Yes, verily, saith the Judge, it is a cold day when I get left; and behold, am I not left?

Fred Prescott, a brother of Mrs. Lon Edwards, arrived in the Oaks from Old Mexico, Thursday last. Fred is an old White Oaks boy, and his many friends were glad to see him. He left for Kansas Monday.

If we can't catch on one way, we will another, or else all around. The recent find of silver ore on the Large Hopes, discloses a streak—quite thin as yet, to be sure—of startlingly rich ore. The assayer's eyes hung out. This shows how little we really know of the wealth beneath our feet. We will get there.

M. G. Paden, who is attending the Louisville Medical College, in a letter to a friend, says that he and W. N. Moore—who is attending the same college—are getting quite portly, the latter weighing 204 pounds and the former 161. We are pleased to learn that these young gentlemen are improving so rapidly in weight, and trust that in the same proportion, if not more, they will advance in their studies.

A visit to the new find Old Abe shows two new shafts sunk upon that property, about 20 feet apart. Free gold shows largely in the north shaft and in the south shaft a fine body of similar quartz is disclosed. Two teams are hauling the ore of the north shaft, without any sorting, to the Glass stamp mill which is now running upon the same. It certainly looks encouraging. It is altogether probable that a large amount of gold will be developed.

Come! gentle dude; ethereal mildness, come!

During Frenchy's absence his shop is run by Mr. C. Hutton.

Two or three mining sales are on the string, we understand. May they prosper.

Lots of folks ordering new clothes at the local agency for Wanamaker & Brown.

The Southwestern Stage Co., have put on an elegant new coach, which is a model of style and convenience.

Daniel Turner, an ex-resident of White Oaks, is spending the winter at New Orleans, whither The Era also goes.

The boys report cold weather in the White mountains. Come in boys; White Oaks is big enough and warm enough for you.

"Frank," one of the Carizozo boys, has made break and gone to Texas to see his girl. What will a fellow not do for a girl? Even go to Texas.

Mr. Eugene Finn has been appointed day-watchman of the Delaware Mills. Anyone attempting to steal the door-knobs will be promptly paralyzed with a pinon club.

A great many of our single young men have gone into bachelor's quarters for the winter. We need ladies here almost as worse like we ought to have a stamp-mill.

Our cheerful fellow-citizen Mr. W. H. Weed is the unparalleled bear-story man. He at one time sold \$1,200 worth of meat off from one bear and had enough left to start a butcher shop. He does not state how large the bear was.

Our friend Mr. J. P. C. Langston starts again soon to Manzano to buy some more cattle. He goes horseback, and has to camp two nights. If he is not careful, he will get caught out this cold weather and freeze some of his name off.

The prettiest music we have heard is the Glass stamp-mill, pounding away day and night. Forty stamps, instead of ten, might just as well be at work here; we have plenty of mineral, and don't you forget it, we're going to have it milled, sometime.

Our popular attorney, Mr. George T. Beall, is now at Wilmington, Del., where he will interview the members of the D-I-Aware mill company on matters of a legal nature. We believe Mr. Beall will bring west with him his estimable wife and family.

Sam Williams returned Tuesday evening from a rather unfortunate trip from the railroad. He went over to meet his wife, who, for some reason, did not arrive in time, and on his trip home had the further misfortune to have one of his horses break a leg, it becoming by some means entangled in its picket rope.

Subscribers of The Era will observe that this week they get two papers. Instead of one, receiving each a copy of the Chicago News. We still continue to offer The Era and Chicago News for one year at \$2.50, and the long list of subscribers who have handed us their names on these terms, shows the appreciation in which our generous offer is held.

The Mexican jury have found our old citizen Joel Fowler guilty of murder in the first degree. No one now will criticize a Mexican jury like that. Satisfaction is every where expressed at the verdict. Joel has got it in the neck this time. Later.—The motion for a new trial in the Joel Fowler case is overruled and Fowler sentenced to hang on the 4th of January.

An unfortunate creature, who, under the influence of liquor, had apparently become entirely demented, afforded some so-called sport for some of the more unfeeling of his associates, a few nights ago. We are told by a reliable gentleman, for whom the poor fellow has worked, that when sober he is by no means half-witted, but of good intelligence. Go easy on him, boys.

At the last moment before going to press, ten Indians with pack train of burros passed through town. We set our interpreter, Mantel, to work upon them, and developed the fact that they were Pueblos, on their way to Santo Domingo, having been down to the reservation to trade with the Apaches. They repelled with indignation the insinuation that they were Apaches themselves. There is no doubt in our mind that this explains away the inexplicable Indian scare, for this is doubtless the same band which has been seen at Red Cloud, at Carizozo, at Manchester and elsewhere, on their trip to and from the reservation. And this explains the character of their permit to hunt upon the reservation. Major Llewellyn, we beg your pardon.

The rumored war between France and China effects the whole civilized world, and is foreshadowed even in our quiet community. Ah Nue, the good-natured Chinaman who washes our occasional shirt, has been heard to exclaim "China boy he alle e samee Hicken Fienchman." Our citizens of French extraction are trying long for fear of getting shot with a flat-iron.

Jimmy Weir is trailing his coat as champion wrestler of the city, and has thus far downed all competitors—of whom we believe there was but one. We will bet \$500,000 that we can personally floor Jimmy. If he does not within two days deposit that sum with Uncle John Brothers, to cov-

pile, then by the terms of this challenge match, he is out. And we are clam by the rules of the ring. But if s-

me would meet Jimmy and throw it, it would be a public calamity, would it?

The little cold-snap causes us to fleet with cheerfulness upon the abundance of fuel with which White Oaks is supplied. A whole mountain full of choice coal, and a whole country full of splendid wood, ought certainly to satisfy the doubting. For \$1.50 a Mexican will haul a heaping load of pinon wood, which falls into cord-wood and piles itself up at the touch of an axe, and bursts into flame at the sight of a match. They would give six bits a basket for this wood back in the states, for kindling-wood, but here we think nothing of it.

Notice!

A meeting of the members of the Lincoln County Stock Association will take place on

Monday, Jan. 21, '84, at 10 o'clock a. m. at Roswell, for the purpose of transacting very important business and extending an opportunity to other stock men to unite. It is very important for all members to be present.

W. E. ANDERSON, President.

Red Cloud, Dec. 7th, 1883.

Editor Golden Era:

The most important event of the season for this part of the county, occurred here on the 6th. It commenced raining on the evening of the 5th and culminated in a terrific snow storm, the wind blowing a gale and travelers seeking shelter at every available point. The snow drifted in some places two feet deep, which settles the water problem for the present. It was becoming a very scarce article in this neighborhood.

Messrs. Spence and Howard returned from Manzano a few days ago, where they had been on business connected with some of the most noted mining interests of this district.

Mr. Brown and Mr. Bartlett paid our camp a visit this week. They were much pleased with what they saw in the way of mining prospects and the general aspect of this part of Lincoln county. Their visit may result in bringing in some capital that will develop some of the good prospects.

Mr. Langston, of White Oaks, through here a few days or 50 head of stock cattle.

Mr. C. B. Smith an snow bound at Red Cloud two on their way to I

It is generally supposed of the country that Ge appropriated to his o

mare that belonged to White Oaks. The main on the north side of i

She has a lump on the blind in one eye. Travel is the mat that left White Oaks, last winter, between two days.

Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine.

The editor (T. De Witt Talmage, D. D.) commences the fifteenth volume and year very brilliantly; he presents in the January number a most attractive and interesting holiday one, replete with delightful reading of an artistic excellence. The contents are extremely varied; there are Christmas stories, sketches, descriptive articles and poems etc.; the editor has a characteristic article, "The Coming Sermon," and there are contributions in prose and poetry from some of our most popular writers. A new serial "Wrong from the First," by the author of "Mr. Burke's Nieces," is commenced. In fact the pages overflow with entertaining and edifying matter and artistic illustrations. Now is the time to subscribe, and no one could fail to appreciate as a holiday gift, a year's subscription to this popular magazine. The price is 25 cents for a single number, or twelve numbers for \$2.50 p. paid. Address: Mrs. Frank L. Publisher, 53, 55 and 57 Park St. New York.